

WHAT DID YOU SEE TO-DAY?

"A FORD A DAY."

Special Additional Daily Prize for Contributions to This Page for Four Weeks.
OPEN TO ALL READERS
 Name of Winner in To-Night's Pictorial Edition.

MANHATTAN

"WATCH THE DOOR!"

Last night, on a bright line boat of the B. R. T., I saw a man who seemed to be a real and tall fellow. At every station the megaphone in the car would blurt out annoyingly, "Watch your step," etc. The man seemed to be particularly annoyed by this, since it awakened him every few minutes. Suddenly he jumped up, exclaiming: "Holy Moses, don't that darn thing ever shut up!" and picking up a newspaper, he stuffed it into the horn. After that the car was quiet and he slept without interruption.—Henry F. McCann, No. 31 Manhattan Avenue.

THE AERIAL

In the rear of a yard in 109th Street, I saw a small fire. The woman who lives in the third floor of the house placed a bucket of water on a clothesline and pulled it down to the fire. She was directly over the fire. Then she shook the line, upsetting the water over the fire and extinguishing it.—Arthur Vandervoort, No. 169 East 115th Street.

WITHIN THE LAW

Last night while passing the side of the Merrick Theatre, Jamaica, I noticed a car without a parking light, but this was remedied by an oil lamp placed on the pavement directly under the left rear fender.—Jeanette Ethersen, New York.

ON BARROW STREET

My windows command a view of the backyards of a row of houses on Barrow Street. To-day I saw in one of these yards a woman washing clothes, which she tried on occasionally; in another a woman was drying her long red hair, in a third a washing was hung out to dry, while in a fourth some men sat around a table, playing cards and drinking a beverage that sparkled in the sun.—Frances Fletcher, No. 14 St. Luke's Place.

A GARDEN OF DELIGHT

Every day from my office window overlooking the First Presbyterian Church at Fifth Avenue and 12th Street I watch children playing on the church lawn, while their mothers may sew, knit, etc., and be entirely free from worry that they might be run over. The lawn also is frequented by invalids, who come there in wheel chairs. A few more of these "private playgrounds" would save many children from being run down in city streets.—Lillian Peitch, No. 51 Morton Street.

"DOES ANY ONE WISH TO ASK A QUESTION?"

Passing through Madison Square Park on my way to business at 7.30 o'clock in the morning, I saw a wild-eyed, black-maned, aggressive-looking individual who had everything but the soap box. He was sitting on one of the park benches and talking about "The Armies and Navies of the World." I think he wanted to draw a crowd, but while he attracted considerable attention, no one stopped. I stood back of him. His only audience was an open-mouthed bootblack, who stood listening as if deeply interested. After perhaps six minutes of harangue the orator paused for breath and immediately the "audience" broke in with a hopeful, "Shine, boss!"—Thomas A. Carroll, care Fleitmann & Co., No. 386 Fourth Avenue.



YOUNG HEAD ON OLD SHOULDERS

On the waterfront near Fulton Market yesterday during the lunch hour, I saw an old man take a magnifying glass from his pocket, hold it over the bowl of his pipe about a minute, and then puff away at the well-lighted tobacco. The shining sun had done the trick.—Frank Grady, No. 55 West Street.

THEY WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED

This afternoon I saw a bellboy from the Plaza Hotel place on the sidewalk near the 5th Street door what appeared to be a dollar bill. In reality it was an advertisement for a ball. Along came a laborer carrying a heavy plank on his shoulder. He saw the bill. Down went the plank, up came the bill. Then he saw what it was. Down went the bill and up came the plank and also out of the depths of his indignation up came words that would set fire to a newspaper if published.—James O'Connor, No. 133 East 33d Street.

"G. B. A."

The man in charge of the mailing department in our office at No. 3 South William Street brought to my desk a letter addressed "Messrs. Blank, Grunk, 1888, Copenhagen, Denmark." The writer evidently had bought the Copenhagen Street address on Messrs. Blank's letterhead and had selected "Grundlagt 1888" as his best bet. The words mean "established 1888."—Andrew Jameson, No. 508 West 170th Street.

HOW BROOKLYN GROWS

When some of my friends asked me "What Did You See To-day?" I answered first by offering each questioner a cigar, then added: "I saw ten baby fingers and ten baby toes, a baby face—daddy's eyes and mother's nose—and heard my first son warble lustily, though a bit off tune. Mother and baby dozed nicely, thank you."—Fred H. Ross, No. 245 Emerson Place, Brooklyn.

A PRISONER COMES TO THE WINDOW

Just across the court, my kitchen window looks into a small room of the nearest apartment house, probably a servant's room. Frequently I see standing at the window a big, beautiful colt dog. He speaks. He makes me understand that he is one of the "apartment house prisoners of New York." In almost human language, he wonders where his master can be. WHY is he shut within walls, he wants to know, when his soul longs to be out of doors? Why?—why?—when he would so love to run as far as he could in the fresh air, to feel the wonderful muscles of his body stretch and carry him to some unknown but delightful country? A fine fellow, this colt. He never howls. Just a series of low voiced "dog questions" and a few short and emphatic barks. He "says" he spends a miserable day in that little room whenever his master is away.—Ellie Corbett, No. 620 W. 116th Street.

HUSBAND BRINGS STRANGE WOMAN INTO HIS HOME

Every night last week I saw a man trying to make the acquaintance of a pretty lady, but all his efforts were frustrated by two energetic females who demanded his constant attention, while the pretty lady was silent and neglected. He would just get started on a sentence when he would be interrupted by one of the females. It happened in my own home. "The Pretty Lady" is a lady by the name of Mrs. Eliza-beth White, who is a very nice woman. My husband was trying to read while my sister and I listened over his shoulder. "What Did You See?"—Mrs. Elizabeth White, No. 515 West 149th Street.

"MY STICK, WATSON, AND MY OVERCOAT"

On the northwest corner of Lexington Avenue and 55th Street to-day I saw a man hanging a sign reading: "Bachelor Apartments for Rent." I looked up and saw on a window sill a pair of baby's white shoes, set out evidently to dry.—John M. Bennett, No. 428 E. 51st Street.

WEALTHY FOR ONE HOUR

I saw a woman come to a Sixth Avenue store to-day and ask to see French models. She said she would pay up to \$200. She spent an hour trying on models ranging in price from \$8.50 to \$285, and then, asking to see domestic models, finally purchased one of the latter for \$19.75. The salesgirl asked her why she looked at all the French models and the woman replied: "Well, I just wanted to find out what they are wearing in Paris, even if I have got to wear what they're showing on Sixth."—Trene Stephens, No. 144 E. 57th Street.

AN EXACT DESCRIPTION

While my wife and I were waiting for an elevator in Lord & Taylor's this noon a young lady and a small child approached. The young mother asked the little boy what he would like to do, having seen all the pretty toys, and he replied, pointing to the elevators: "I wanna go in the room and say 'drus' down.'"—Ray L. Oberg, No. 7 East 45th Street.

"IT"

On Forest Avenue, Brooklyn, I saw a sign in the window of a beer saloon which read: "You can't get it here; try across the street." I glanced across the street and saw a drug store.—Richard A. Zettel Jr., No. 74 Broadway.

EVENING WORLD PAGE OF BRIGHT, UNUSUAL HAPPENINGS REPORTED BY EVENING WORLD READERS

TO make this news feature even more entertaining and interesting Special Prizes are to be awarded Daily and Weekly. One Dollar is paid for every item printed; the prizes are in addition. Send them to "What Did You See?" Editor, Evening World, Post Office Box 185, City Hall Station. WRITE ABOUT HAPPENINGS IN YOUR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD.

TELL YOUR STORY, IF POSSIBLE, IN NOT MORE THAN 125 WORDS. STATE WHERE THE THING WRITTEN ABOUT TOOK PLACE. WRITE YOUR OWN NAME AND ADDRESS CAREFULLY AND IN FULL. CHECKS MAILED DAILY. For the best stories each day: SPECIAL PRIZE, A FORD CAR A DAY FOR FOUR WEEKS; FIRST CASH PRIZE, \$25; SECOND CASH PRIZE, \$10; THIRD CASH PRIZE, \$5. TEN PRIZES OF \$2 each for next best stories.

If you witness a serious accident, the outbreak of what threatens to be a BIG fire, or know of any other BIG news story, telephone Beekman 4000 and ask for the CITY EDITOR of The Evening World. Liberal awards for first big news. BE SURE OF YOUR FACTS.

QUEENS

PRETTY FLOWERS.

I saw in an "L" train here in Astoria how much the love of flowers may mean in the daily life of a poor city worker. The car was crowded. At the Broadway station a comely and becomingly dressed girl came on. She carried a big bouquet. She stood before a young man who was deeply interested in his morning newspaper. Pretty soon the young gentleman sneezed. Then he sneezed again. Then he sneezed several times in a row. Just to see him to be sorry for him. He had handkerchiefs in every pocket. After one paroxysm his eyes rested upon the pretty flowers. He jumped up out of his seat and forced his way toward the door. The comely lassie sat down. The flowers were goldenrod. His trouble, as perhaps you have guessed, is hay fever.—Mrs. J. A. Brust, No. 576 Seventh Avenue, Astoria, L. I.

ARMISTICE

Going uptown yesterday afternoon on a Lexington Avenue express, my attention was caught by the pretty, laughing baby dancing at the knees of a young mother who poked her nose a little bit higher every time she glanced at some one on my side of the car. This some one was another woman, with a baby of about the same age. The children appeared to be attracted to one another. * * * Leaving the train at 110th Street, one of the young mothers left a parcel behind her. The other one picked it up and, with her baby on one arm, chased after her. I overheard just a little of their conversation. "Let's cut out the scrapings," said one, "sure it's no way for sisters to be!"—P. W. Dowd, No. 113 Pearl Street, Long Island City.



THE GYPSY'S CHILD

On Fulton Street, Brooklyn, to-day I saw a gypsy come shopping. From one shoulder a sling was draped over the opposite hip, and in the sling her black-eyed, dark-skinned baby girl was contentedly sucking her thumb. From the mother's other shoulder dangled a huge bag, in which she carried the articles she purchased.—Mrs. J. Michael, Ninth Street, Jamaica Park, Jamaica, L. I.

STUNG

Two Greeks came to my door to-day, offering to sell tablecloths at \$75 each, gradually reducing the price to \$15. The goods were too dear even at that, but I bought several small pieces, and since have felt that I was stung, for I can buy the same goods at less price in the department stores. The Greeks carried a huge bag, in which she carried the articles she purchased.—Mrs. J. Michael, Ninth Street, Jamaica Park, Jamaica, L. I.

LONG SKIRTS

A girl in the seat ahead of me started to leave the Long Island Railroad train at Nostrand Avenue when a trailing panel on one side of her dress caught in the arm of the seat. As she bent to disentangle it the man in the seat bent over for the same purpose, and their heads came together with a resounding whack. The girl straightened up in confusion, and just at that moment a stout woman charged down the aisle, hit between the girl and the man, and the panel was free both from the dress and the seat.—Mrs. Elizabeth A. Brown, No. 5010 Pleasant St., Queens Village, L. I.

RICHMOND

"WHO'S AFRAID?"

My seventeen-year-old brother and his boy chum were seated in my father's car, declaring they didn't believe in ghosts, when my husband, who was with us on the porch, quietly left us, draped himself in a sheet and went among some nearby bushes. There he groaned, attracted attention, then away. In an instant those boys were making for the house, crying "Ghost!"—Mrs. Charles Bantz, No. 55 Palmer Avenue, Port Richmond, S. I.

AFFLICTION

There were two aged women and their brother living in the house across the way. Last week one of the women died, and I saw the hearse as it took her away. The same night the brother was taken to the Staten Island Hospital where he has since died. The surviving sister had not left the house since last winter, when she was almost killed in an automobile accident near her home.—Mrs. H. W. Harkness, No. 250 Fillmore Street, New Brighton, S. I.

LOST-A BABY

I saw my neighbor's wife weeping over her little boy, who was laughing in his sleep. She had him to the barber shop to have his pretty curls trimmed, so he would look nice when he had his picture taken. But the barber, instead of just trimming, had cut all those curls off and the mother's heart was nearly broken. As for the boy, he was delighted. "I told that barber how I liked it done," he said.—Mrs. H. W. Harkness, No. 250 Fillmore Street, New Brighton, S. I.

ON THE ROCKS

I saw a large vessel come up the Kill van Kull and make a turn as if going to the Standard Oil Company's dock, but suddenly she stopped dead while two tugs steamed up to give her assistance. They found she had broken in two on the rocks.—Fred Eggert, No. 232 Benziger Avenue, New Brighton, S. I.

BROX

WITHOUT A WINK IN IT.

I was dispensing soda water at one of the — emporiums on 42d Street. A sailor came in and ordered ginger ale. The playful boy who waited on him had been to a party the night before, and having a little private stock on his hip, for personal use only, thought it a good joke to throw a dash of the old stuff into the ginger ale. The gob drank it, smacked his lips, looked inquiringly at the server, whose face was a mask, and walked out. * * * The next night the same sailor came in with three pals. They ordered ginger ales. They drank them. The three new customers looked at their guide in a disgusted way and the party walked out grumbling.—George Chace, No. 2100 Mapes Avenue, Bronx.



FATHER TIME

Sunday I slept until 5 P. M., having been up late at a ball the night before, and then I hustled like Sam Hill to get to my work downtown at 6 o'clock. When I got there one of the day shift told me I was two hours early. My father, in setting the clock Saturday night—the last Daylight Saving time—had put it ahead an hour instead of back an hour.—Geo. Arnold, No. 2345 Gleason Avenue, Bronx.

THE COMPOSING ROOM

Entering The World's composing room yesterday as a substitute compositor I saw what to me was a new world in the printing business. I was amazed at the vastness of it. Rows on rows of linotypes were in operation, their din overlapping all other sounds. But even more than the vastness of the establishment, and to my trained eye, was the perfect organization of it, each man in the right place, and all working in perfect accord to complete the great task of making the paper within the time prescribed.—Adolph Richmond, No. 2137 Vyse Avenue, Bronx.

STRANGER TAKES THE MOTOR CAR

A friend of my son's rang my doorbell to tell me he would return later to see my son. As he spoke he held his hand against an automobile that was standing at the curb and I understood him to ask that I watch it until he returned. Fifteen minutes later when I saw a man enter the car I shouted, "Hey, get out of that car!" But he wasn't stealing it, for it was his own car.—Mrs. Frank Kalkhof, No. 1373 Washington Avenue, Bronx.

COMING BACK

I noticed to-day from a display of clothing in a store on Broadway and 32d Street that the "new" bell-bottom trousers which men are sporting nowadays were worn way back in 1945—eighty years ago. The display shows the styles for the past century. As we have to hark back eighty years for one style, it wouldn't be surprising if we soon add another score of years and appear in the silk knickers worn a century ago.—Harry Mendelwitz, No. 734 East 150th Street, Bronx.



PAINT AND POWDER

An aged man, much perturbed, asked me during the noon hour to-day in the little park at 11th Avenue and 23d Street whether his eyes carried him or some young men in the park really were dressed in pink and red. I explained that they worked in a nearby face-powder factory and that milady's favorite flesh tints had colored their working clothes. "Thank God, I wasn't seeing things," said the old man.—Ed Forrester, No. 3282 Boulevard, Jersey City Heights, N. J.

AND WAS "OLD SUNNY BROOK"

Who said there were no snakes in whiskey? While cleaning out a cedar chest, I found a magnifying glass, a handle, bottle-form, was designed to advertise Old Sunny Brook Whiskey. Inside the bottle I found several dead worms and one live one.—V. R. No. 83 Third Avenue, Hawthorne, N. J.

HE WAS WITH THE LOSER

A day or two before the primaries I saw a local minor politician carrying a neat package. As he walked he carefully tore off some of the brown paper wrapping and, tearing it into small pieces, threw it away. When he came to a garbage can at the curb he tossed the package into it, looked about furtively and quickly walked away. When he was out of sight I opened the package and found it contained a number of pamphlets lauding Senator Flinghuyzen for the Republican nomination at the primaries Tuesday.—R. B. Bobbitt, No. 42 North Bath Avenue, Long Branch, N. J.

WEEKLY PRIZES.

Regular CAPITAL PRIZES for the Best Stories of the Week to Be Distributed Among Daily Prize Winners Other Than Those to Whom the Ford Cars are Awarded: FIRST, \$100; SECOND, \$50; THIRD, \$25; FOURTH, \$10.

OUT OF TOWN

FLUCKY GIRLS FROM OLD ENGLAND

To-day I saw the champion women's team of Newcastle, England, play the Paterson Football Club at Olympic Park. They played well, although completely at a disadvantage, and were beaten. When they left the field, I heard one shout "Don't be down-hearted, girls, we've beat many a man already." And another replied: "Yes, and we'll send our brothers over next year."—H. Levin, No. 84 Genesee Avenue, Paterson, N. J.

THEY CAN'T TELL HIM HIS BUSINESS

In West 33d Street to-day I saw a low hand-truck, which were loaded two cylindrical packages, each about 6 feet high, standing on end. The man in charge leaned against one of them whistling merrily and on a level with his eyes was the stenciled warning, "Fragile—Lay Flat—Do Not Stand Up."—Helen L. Jones, No. 61 Church Street, New Rochelle, N. Y.

FATHER PROMISES TO MAIL A LETTER

While taking up tickets to-night in the Grand Central Terminal for train No. 59, a well-dressed elderly man asked where he could find a mail box. I showed him. He held an envelope in either hand. In a few minutes he came back holding a newspaper in one hand and an addressed, stamped envelope in the other. He offered me the letter and I again told him where the mail box was. A horrified expression came into his face. "Good heavens!" he gasped. "I've mailed my tickets!" We hurriedly told the mail box guard, who cut out the envelope containing the tickets and the old man rushed for his train, still holding the addressed and stamped envelope in his hand.—E. D. Berman, No. 115 Nassau Place, Peekskill, N. Y.

MARY MIX-UP'S BIG BROTHER

This evening as I was talking to a friend here he rushed to the telephone and saw a Western Union office and sent this message to a friend in Pennsylvania: "Return unopened letter mailed to-day. Wrong inclosure." Then he explained to me that he had written to a young woman and had got the letters in wrong envelopes.—Samuel L. Bradshaw, No. 13 East Grove Street, Bogota, N. J.

LOOKING UP AT BILL

Turning from Broadway into Wall Street recently, I noticed every one hugging the walls of the buildings. Immediately thinking of bombs, I looked up and saw Willie Smith painting the jagged protruding from the nineteenth floor of the Bankers Trust Building. Most of the gazers were figuring upon what a awful splash Willie would make if he let go his hold.—K. M. Hoeger, No. 25 South Street, Jersey City, N. J.

"LAST CAR"

While driving from Beachwood, N. J., to Trenton I came across a method of directing traffic which was brand new to me. The road between Bordentown and White Horse is under construction and traffic is allowed to travel in only one direction during intervals specified by the traffic officer. The latter, in order to let the person in charge at the other end know there are no more cars coming for a while, hangs a sign on the radiator of the last car he is allowing to come through. The sign reads: "Last Car." He hung one on my radiator to-day and immediately a line of cars were allowed to travel in the direction which I came.—Gilbert Elers, Beachwood, N. J.

BROOKLYN

HOW TO GET THE VERY HUSBAND YOU DREAM OF

This morning a young lady of about eighteen came into my jewelry store and asked to see a wedding ring. I took out a tray of rings and asked her what style she wanted and also her finger size. "Oh," she said, smilingly, "I don't care about style particularly, and the size is of no importance. You see, I'm not going to wear the ring at all; I just wanted it to look at." By degrees I got the rest of the story. Some old woman had told her that if she would look at a wedding ring for five minutes every night, just before retiring, she would soon be married to exactly the kind of man she was dreaming of. "Of course," she added, "I don't believe a word of it, but it won't hurt me any to try." Well, I sold her a wedding ring, but I doubt very much that she will get a husband merely by looking at it.—Harry Horowitz, No. 1370 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn.



THE "SIGN" IN THE WINDOW

I was walking through my neighborhood in search of a seamstress. In 73d Street I saw pasted in a window a page from a fashion magazine, and knowing that many women use this method of showing what business they're in rather than hanging out a shingle, I went in. The woman told me haughtily she was not a seamstress, and that she could not imagine what made me think so. I explained about the fashion page in the window. She looked as if she suspected I was crazy, but upon investigation she discovered her little daughter had pasted it there.—M. C. F., Brooklyn.

"AIN'T WE GOT FUN?"

Just after school yesterday many children were coating on roller skates down the Middagh Street hill. One was girl had no skates of her own and her feet were too small for borrowed skates. But she did the job of coasting! She did not. She straddled the right leg of her larger sister, sitting backward on the shoe and twining her chubby arms about the legs. A push started the pair down the hill and the small passenger chortled with glee as they went whirling along.—Richard W. Griswold, No. 74 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn.

PAY NO MONEY! SEND NO MONEY!

There is no charge of any kind for taking part in The Evening World's "What Did You See To-day" competition. Send no money with your letters. Pay no money to any one under any circumstances. PERSONAL calls are made on Ford winners ONLY. If your contribution is adjudged worthy of the automobile the reporter who calls upon you will carry Evening World credentials. Ask to see them. In case of doubt, telephone to the City Editor of The Evening World.

Every effort is made to print the more meritorious contributions. Write on matters likely to be of general interest. "Locate" the incident. Tell WHERE the thing happened. And "keep on trying."

"A FORD A DAY" GIVEN AWAY FREE FOR FOUR WEEKS--SPECIAL PRIZE